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THE STORY OF HIS LIFE

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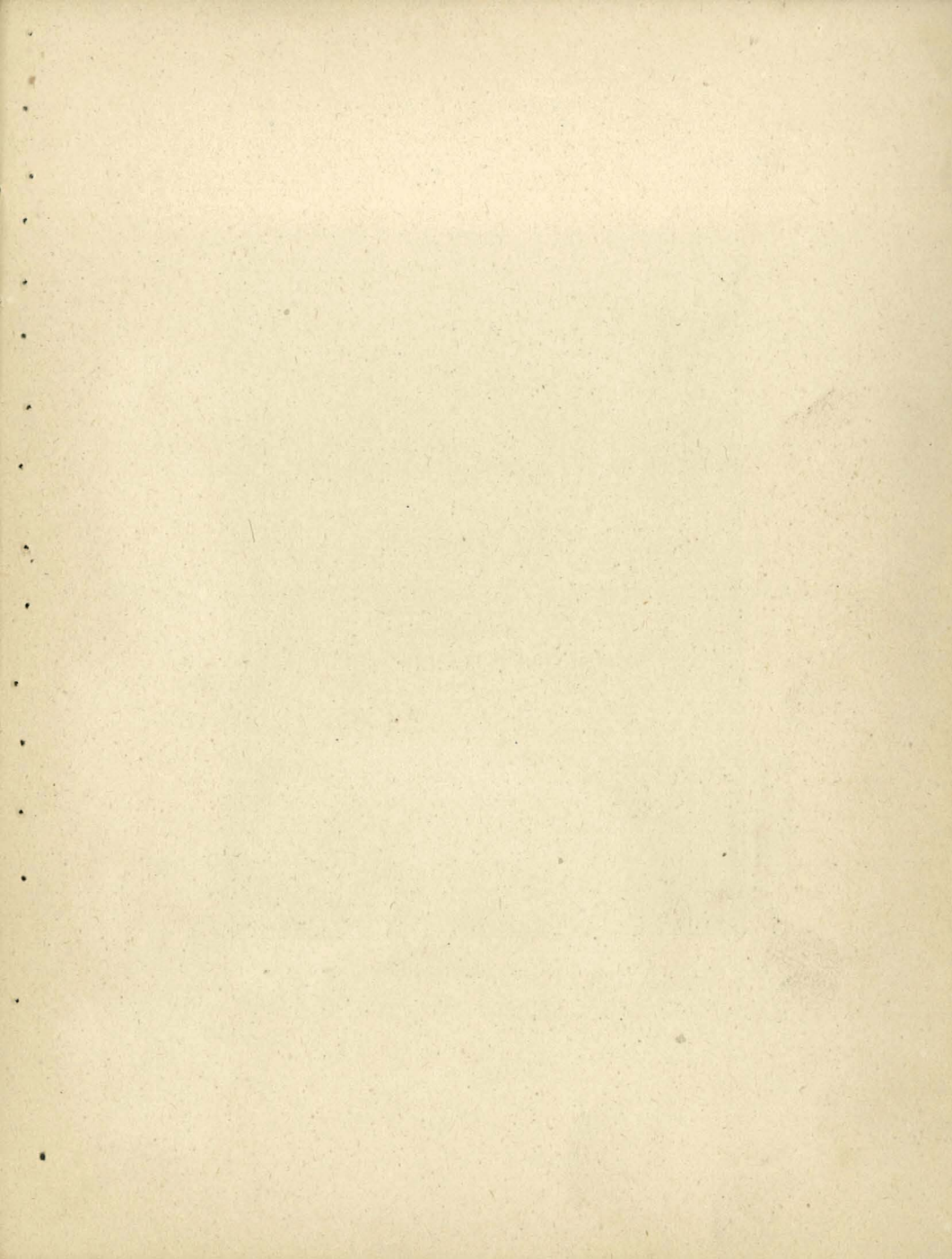
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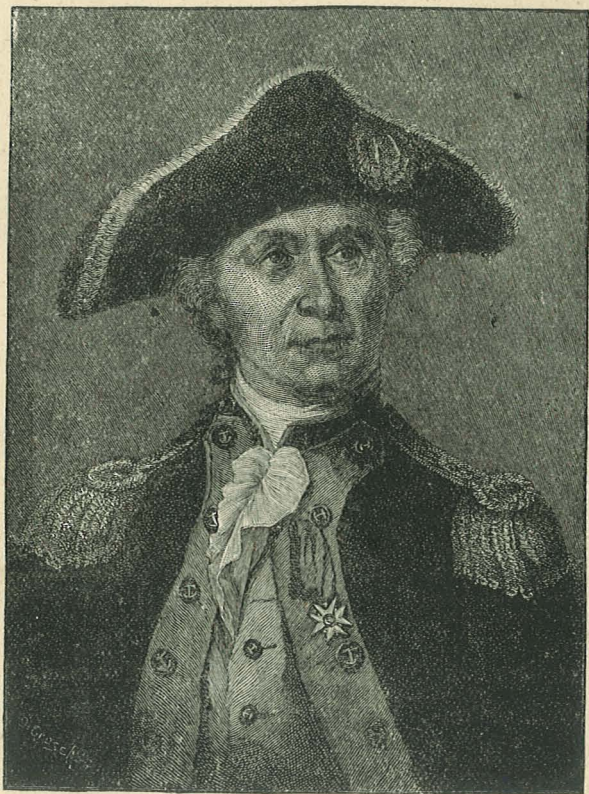
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JOHN PAUL JONES.

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HOW JONES GREW UP.

In the little cottage of the gardener on the old estate of Arbigland, Scotland, was born in July, 1747, a boy named John Paul. In later years he added the name Jones, and became the John Paul Jones of history.

Little John soon grew to roam at play in the midst of a beautiful country. Behind his father's house sprang up a mountain, steep and rocky, with summit sharp against the sky. In front a green park stretched away, through avenues of trees, to the shores of the Soloway Bay. To the very edge of the water went the trees, where the high bank dropped straight down out of sight in the still, black water.

There the ships came in when the ocean outside was stormy. Their tall masts almost caught in the tree tops, so close could they come to the shore.

John often stood on his father's doorstep and watched

till he saw a flag come floating by over the green branches, and caught the flash of a white sail through some leafy avenue.

Then he would scamper down to the bank, and stare at the sailors coiling ropes or crawling up the rigging like human cats. Oh, if he, too, could go up those tall, swaying rope-ladders!

Or he would listen to the captain shouting hoarse orders, often in some strange, foreign tongue. Perhaps he would try to imitate him. Then the sailors would look up and laugh at the little, big-eyed boy on the bank above them.

On other days he would scramble up the mountain behind his home, and look away over the bay to the distant blue ocean where the white ships, like gulls in the sky, were skimming everywhere.

"Where are they going?" he wondered. "And what will they see away beyond the sky line?"

Was it any surprise he did not want to be a gardener, like his father, and live always in that tiny cottage? No, he would be a sailor, like the strange men he loved to watch, and would sail away to see the world. The great, blue ocean called too loudly—the great earth was too wide! He must be *doing* something.

So, when he was but thirteen years of age, he was allowed to go as sailor on the *Friendship*, a ship then

bound for Virginia. Thus the land he first visited was the land he afterwards fought for.

A boy who dared to leave his home for the rough life of a sailor when only thirteen, could not remain a common sailor long. He studied so hard the art of building and sailing ships, and he was so quick and eager to learn, that when only nineteen he was made a mate; and at twenty-one he had become a captain.

Five years later, when he was twenty-six, came the death of his elder brother. This brother had been a planter in Virginia; so Paul left the sea to take care of the farm in America.

But his stay on land was short. No doubt it would have been short anyway — gardening and farming are much alike. As it was, only two brief years later, in 1775, came the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill. Paul at once made up his mind to fight for America. Though he was born on British soil, no man loved liberty better than he, and no man was more ready to fight in her name.

Congress accepted his offer to serve in the navy, and made him a lieutenant on the *Alfred*, the flagship of our little fleet. It was at this time that he changed his name to Paul Jones. Perhaps he did not wish his countrymen to hear what he had done and think of him as a traitor.

The American navy in those days was poor and weak.

Yet the Americans could fight. Back in 1772, in Rhode Island, the men of Providence had disguised themselves as Indians, and rowed out in boats one night to capture the British sloop-of-war, *Gaspè*.

They were armed, not with guns, but with cobble stones ! Yet with these they knocked over the sentinel and made the ship their own.

It was from them that the Boston Tea Party copied their idea. They, too, you remember, dressed like Indians.

And way down in Machias, Maine, just after the war broke out, the young farmers, under Jeremiah O'Brien, chased in a cargo ship an English man-of-war. They were fewer in number than the English crew, and half of them were armed with pitch forks and axes. But they won the day ; and then with the ship they had taken they began to capture British merchantmen.

But these were only small victories after all, and could only occur when a British ship was caught alone ; for the English navy was large, ours very small. The English had 2078 cannon on their seventy-eight ships in American waters ; we had only 114 cannon, and small ones at that, on our eight ships.

This poor little fleet of eight ships, however, was the beginning of our navy. Small, indeed, but not to be despised ! Then, too, John Paul Jones was lieutenant on the

flagship. Better ships we have to-day ; but no braver officers than he.

In December, 1775, this, our first fleet, was ready to sail from Philadelphia. The winter sun shone brightly on the house tops and sparkled on the cakes of ice that floated down the river. Swarms of people thronged the wharves and banks. The ships lay waiting in mid-stream with the sailors ready on their decks.

Then Commodore Hopkins, the commander of the fleet, left the shore and was rowed through the ice to the *Alfred*. Up the side he sprang. As he touched the deck Paul Jones was ready with the flag ropes in his hand. Up rose a yellow banner with a rattlesnake upon it, coiled beneath a pine tree, and the words, "Don't tread on me !"

The flag flapped proudly over Paul Jones' head. A great cheer arose. Our first fleet was away.

RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES.

This fleet accomplished little. The Americans had yet to learn the art of handling ships. However, New Providence, in the Bahama Islands, was captured, together with many cannon and useful stores. It was Paul Jones who steered the squadron into the harbor, after the other officers had despaired of entering.

When the fleet returned, Jones was made captain of the little sloop *Providence*, mounting twelve cannon and carrying seventy men. In this ship he put to sea alone to capture the enemy's merchant vessels.

To dodge in and out unharmed among so many British warships was not easy. But Paul Jones was equal to the task. Never was a man more quick or cool of head.

Once he chased a big ship, thinking it was a merchantman. Too late he discovered his mistake. It was the the English war-frigate, *Solebay*, who came at him with her heavy cannon blazing. Any other man would have surrendered at once; not so Jones.

He knew that he could outsail the Britisher, if only he could get the wind dead behind him. It was his only chance. Slowly he worked his ship to the windward of the *Solebay*. Then suddenly he turned about, darted almost under the big ship's bowsprit, and before the English crew could get over their surprise, was sailing safe away.

Once, too, he was chased by the English ship *Milford*. Finding that he could sail the faster if he wished, he dodged along just out of range, and let the English captain waste his powder in broadside after broadside. To worry the poor captain all the more, Jones answered every cannon shot with the pop of a single musket.

It was for all the world like being chased by a fat dog that barks and barks, but cannot get near to bite,—while you pelt his nose with pebbles.

In this cruise of forty-seven days, Jones captured sixteen prizes, which he carried into the harbor of Newport, Rhode Island.

He was now made captain of a better ship, the *Alfred*. In this he sailed to break up the fisheries in Cape Breton Island, and to release the American prisoners confined there. He did not succeed, because the harbor was frozen up; but he captured a ship full of clothing, which fell to the poor, half-clad American army like the manna to the Israelites of old.

On his return, Jones was most unjustly treated by Congress. Although he was one of the first officers to enter the navy, men who had come in later were ranked above him, and his command of the *Alfred* was taken away. Yet it was his own plan that Congress later adopted as a fair method of ranking in the naval service;—too late to help Paul Jones, however.

Rank meant much to him. It meant not only a title, but power—power over more men and bigger ships. He was angry at the injustice, and was it any wonder?

But he was not the man to cry "sour grapes," and remain idle. Soon he was put in command of the ship

Ranger, and told to sail for France, where he would be given a larger vessel.

As he went aboard the *Ranger*, he hoisted for the first time on any warship the new flag of the United States — thirteen stripes of red and white, and thirteen stars on a field of blue.

On reaching France, he begged in vain for the ship that had been promised him. He was sorely disappointed, for the *Ranger* was poor and small. And Jones had formed the daring scheme of attacking the English on their very coasts! But be his ship good or bad, he was not the man to drop his plan. Accordingly he made ready the *Ranger* for her coming perils.

Before he sailed, however, he would have the American flag saluted. Never yet had it been recognized by a foreign nation. He had been the first to hoist it on any ship, — he would be the first to see an Old World nation greet it.

At Quiberon Bay lay a large French fleet. To the admiral of this fleet went Jones, and told him what he wanted. The admiral did not know whether to salute an unknown flag or not; he hardly thought he could. But Jones *did* know, and he kept at the Frenchman until he gave in and promised a salute.

So the next morning, hoisting the Stars and Stripes to the mast head, Jones sailed in one little ship through the

whole French squadron. Then, as his few cannons spoke with tiny spits of red, he heard, like joyful music in his ears, the answering roar that flamed from the high-walled ships of France.

It was a proud moment for Jones — a proud moment for America !

Not long after, with the star-set banner still aloft, he steered boldly out for the Irish Channel.

WHITEHAVEN AND THE DRAKE.

In was in April, 1778, that Jones sailed up the Irish Channel, capturing prizes as he went.

He was not the first American to attack the Englishmen at their very doors. Others had been there before him. Captain Connyngham, in the *Surprise* and the *Revenge*, had been the boldest, and had so frightened the English that insurance rates on vessels rose to 25 per cent, and ships would not cross the Irish Channel without a convoy, something which had never happened before even in the wars with near-by France.

But Jones was to eclipse them all. He at once set about a plan so bold that it was almost reckless. Paul Jones, however, seems not to have known what fear is. The greater the danger, the higher rose his courage, the cooler grew his head. Once, when Congress promised him a

ship, he said, "Give me a fast one, for I intend to go in harm's way!" And he always did.

His plan was no less than this—to enter with his one little ship the harbor of Whitehaven, and burn all the English vessels anchored there!

At midnight, on April 22, 1778, he sailed into the harbor. Two batteries and a fort guarded the town and shipping. The garrison were asleep, nor dreaming of danger.

Gliding to the shore in row-boats—only a handful of men—the Americans scaled the batteries, seized the sleepy sentinel before he could give the least alarm, locked up all the astonished soldiers in their barracks, and spiked the cannon.

Then Jones left his lieutenant to fire the shipping, and he himself with only one man to aid him stole forward to capture the fort! Not a soul was stirring on the rampart. Silently he spiked the cannon and silently stole away again.

Back to the shore came the army of two. But no blaze of shipping greeted their eyes. Through cowardice, or a too tender heart, the lieutenant had failed in his duty.

Jones was in a rage. Day was breaking now, and the town's folk were appearing. The whole bold enterprise seemed doomed to failure.

No, it should not be a failure quite! Rushing to a

house near by, Jones seized a brand from the breakfast fire and climbed with it on board a schooner at the wharf. Calmly he sat down in the stern, and calmly he kindled a blaze. Then he hunted up a barrel of tar and poured it on the flames to make his work complete.

The flames shot up the masts and rigging and their light mingled with that of the rising sun to shine on the astonished town.

Down to the shore rushed the people by tens and dozens, surprised and sleepy. They made for the ship to swarm aboard and put out the fire.

But what was this they saw? At the entrance to the burning ship stood facing them a little man, not over five and a half feet tall, a cocked pistol in his hand. "The first man to advance is a dead man," he said. They looked at his terribly determined face, then turned and fled like frightened sheep.

Paul Jones had defeated them, one man against a thousand! For a moment he stood there, watching with a smile the terrified citizens huddled together in the distance.

Then he rowed calmly out to the *Ranger* and sailed away in the morning sunshine.

The townspeople found two cannon that had not been spiked, and began to fire them. But the balls fell so wide of the mark that the crew of the *Ranger* mockingly

answered with a single pistol, and the American ship was soon a speck of white on the open ocean.

The expedition had failed, but it had given the people on the coast a terrible scare. This was still further increased the next day by Jones' landing near Kirkbright to capture the Earl of Selkirk. The Earl was an important man, and could have been exchanged for many of the American captives who were starving in English prisons. Luckily for the Earl he was not at home.

The good people who dwelt nearby got a cannon down to the shore when night came to hide them, and blazed away for hours at the black form of the *Ranger*, dimly seen at anchor.

When morning dawned, they peered forth to see what was left of the dark hull they had been peppering all night. The dark hull was all there. It was a big rock in the channel! The *Ranger* was safe at sea.

By this time the news of Jones' exploits had reached the English warship *Drake*, and out she came to teach the impertinent Yankee a lesson. An American ship on the English coast! The *Drake* would see about that!

The *Drake* carried two more guns than the *Ranger*, and had a large and better drilled crew. But that did not trouble Jones a bit. In fact he sailed to meet her as she came out of the harbor of Carrickfergus.

It was late in the day when the battle began. The level sunlight lay a golden floor across the water. On the hilltops round about signal fires were burning, and hundreds of people were gathered there to see the Yankee ship destroyed.

"What ship is that?" shouted the captain of the *Drake*, as the two enemies drew near.

"The American continental ship *Ranger*! We are waiting for you — come on!" Paul Jones replied, and hurled a broadside at the *Drake*.

Then the fight began. Side by side the two ships floated while their cannon roared and thundered. A cloud of thick, white smoke arose, hiding the vessels from those on shore, save for the masts that rose above it, with the flags of England and America on their tops.

The American gunners proved the better. Out of the smoke and roar came the crash of splintering timbers, as their cannon balls ripped through the *Drake*. Sail after sail came flapping down and trailed useless in the water. Then the proud old flag of England fell at length, and the Stars and Stripes were left alone above the smoke.

Up in the rigging of the *Ranger* sat the topmen with their muskets, and shot down the English one by one. At last the British captain fell with a bullet in his head. That

was enough. The crew of the *Drake* threw down their arms and cried for quarter.

For an hour the fight had lasted, and the sun was sinking now. By its farewell rays, as the smoke of battle floated off, the people on the hilltops saw the *Drake* a shattered hulk upon the water, and had they been nearer they might have counted the forty-two dead or wounded on her decks.

The *Ranger*, scarcely harmed, and with but two dead and six more wounded, sailed off to France in triumph with her prizes.

HOW THE BRITISH WERE BEATEN.

The next year brought troublesome times to Jones. Because France promised him a larger ship he gave up the *Ranger*. But the larger ship did not come. Again and again he was promised, but only to be disappointed.

At last Benjamin Franklin, the United States minister to France, succeeded in getting him a vessel. In honor of Franklin, and Franklin's famous "*Almanac*," Jones named his new ship "*The Bonhomme Richard*,"*—the *Poor Richard*.

* The French term *Bonhomme Richard* means literally Goodman Richard. We use Goodman to mean a poor man in English, in such expressions as *Goodman Friday* from Robinson Crusoe. And in New England before the Revolutionary War, the Voters or property-holders, were called *Freemen*, the non-property-holders, *Goodmen*.

The following, from Spears' *History of Our Navy*, is a more detailed

It was the "*Poor Richard*," indeed — an old merchant vessel, clumsy and rotten, with an old-fashioned stern as tall as a tower and a bow blunt "like an Erie canal-boat"! The crew were a mixture of all races, from American and French, to Portugese and Maylay.

But Paul Jones was the captain.

In the summer of 1779, Jones set sail from France in company with six other ships. Three of them deserted, however, and but one of the others was really loyal to him, as we shall see. The trouble was that Jones had not been made chief of the fleet, but only of equal rank with each of the other captains. So, after all, he had to fight his battle out alone. An English naval officer once said, "We rely on bravery, not numbers." How truly it could have been said of Jones!

Again he was off the coast of Scotland, this time on the eastern side. Hearing of some English warships at Leith,

statement of the relative strength of the two ships. "The *Bonhomme Richard* entered the fight with forty-two guns, which could throw 557 pounds of projectiles at a discharge; the *Serapis* carried fifty, throwing 600 pounds. The crew of the American ship had been reduced to 304 by the drafts made in manning prizes, and of these no more than one-third were Americans. The *Serapis* carried 320, chiefly picked men. The number of killed on each ship was forty-nine. The *Serapis* had sixty-eight wounded and the *Bonhomme Richard* sixty-seven, among whom was John Paul Jones himself. He was hit in the head and the wound afterwards seriously affected his eyes, but he said nothing about it in his report."

It is interesting to note that the entire weight of metal thrown by either the *Richard* or *Serapis* from all their cannon at once was no more than the weight of a single projectile from the *Oregon*.

near Edinburgh, he resolved to seize them and the town of Leith, also. A rich man of the place, seeing the fleet draw near and thinking that they were English ships, sent out a boat with a request for ammunition to defend himself against "The Pirate, Paul Jones."

Jones sent back a keg of powder. He was sorry, he told the worthy Scotchman, that he had no suitable shot.

Soon after he summoned the town to surrender. And then the good people of Leith knew who he was.

Up and down the poor folk ran, frightened half out of their wits. But at Kirkcaldy, a little town near Leith, the pastor was equal to the danger. Down to the beach he rushed, plumped down in his armchair by the water, and began to pray.

This is the prayer he is said to have made.

"Now, Lord, dinna ye think it is a shame for ye to send this vile pìret to rob our folk o' Kirkcaldy? For ye ken they are puir enough already, and hae naething to spare. They are all fairly guid, and it wad be a pity to serve them in sic a wa'. The wa' the wind blaws, he'll be here in a jiffy, and wha kens what he may do? He is nane too guid for onything. Meickle's the mischief he has done already. Ony pocket gear they hae gathered together, he will gary wi' the whole o't, and may be burn their houses, tak' their cla'es, and strip them to their sarks! And wae's

me! Who knows but the bluidy villian may tak' their lives? The puir women are maist frightened out o' their wits, and the bairns shrieking after them. I canna tho't it! I canna tho't it! *I hae been long a faithful servant to ye, Lord;* but gin ye dinna turn the wind about, and blaw the scoundrel out o' our gate, I'll nae stir a foot, but just sit here until the tide comes in and drowns me. *Sae tak' your wull o't, Lord!*"

No sooner had he finished praying than a sudden gale sprang up, common on the Scottish coast, and drove the "Vile Piret" out to sea.

"It was the prayer that did it," cried the people in their joy.

But the good parson would not take all the credit. "I prayed, but the Lord sent the wind," said he.

Jones now cruised up and down the English coast, capturing prizes and spreading terror. He did not again try, however, to enter Leith harbor.

On September 23, 1779, while off Scarborough with the *Pallas*, *Alliance*, and *Vengeance*, Jones sighted a big fleet of merchant ships under the convoy of two English men-of-war.

The cargo boats fled for shelter like a flock of startled birds, while the warships got between them and Jones, and advanced to the conflict.

The English proved to be the *Serapis* and the *Scarborough*. The *Pallas* engaged the *Scarborough*, while Landais, the captain of the *Alliance*, cowardly got out of the way and left Paul Jones, with the *Old Richard*, to fight the *Serapis* single-handed. The *Vengeance* was too far away to join in the fight.

The *Serapis* was new and swift, the *Richard* was old and slow. The *Serapis* had twenty eighteen pounders, the *Richard* had but six. The *Serapis* had a well drilled crew to work her, the *Richard* a motley array from every nation. The *Serapis* had a brave captain. But the *Richard* had a braver.

The breeze was light, the sea was like a polished floor. On Flamborough Head, on the wharves of Scarborough, the awe-struck people crowded to watch the coming battle.

It was evening before the vessels met. But the full moon, rising out of the ocean, gave them light. Its misty rays fell in silver on their sails, as they floated over the gleaming waters, and transformed them into phantom ships. On the hilltops the people held their breaths. A battle of ghosts it seemed.

The two chief enemies drew near. "What ship is that?" cried Captain Pearson of the *Serapis*.

"Come a little nearer and I will tell you!" was Jones's reply.

"What are you laden with?"

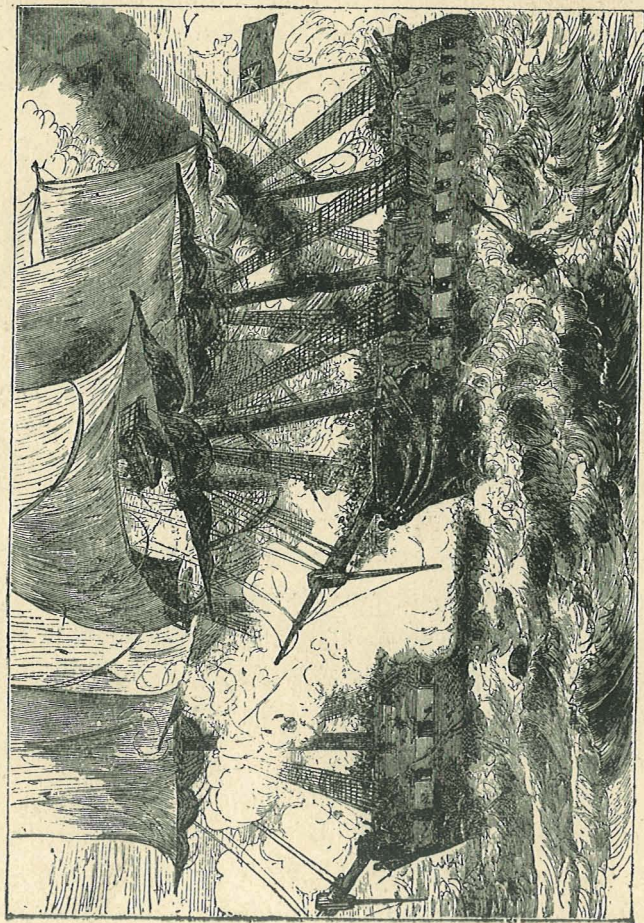
"Round grape and doubled-headed shot!" came back the answer from the *Richard*. And those on shore saw red spits of flame burst from the side of the Yankee and heard the thunder of her cannon roll across the water.

From the *Serapis* came an answering broadside, and the battle was begun.

But for Jones it was a bad beginning. At the first fire two of his six eighteen pounders exploded, killing the gunners and wrecking the gun room. Thus the *Richard* was left without a single heavy cannon to defend her lower deck, while the *Serapis* had twenty, all of them below, whence they could send their shot into the *Richard's* defenceless hull.

But Jones only worked his deck guns the faster. Side by side the two ships drifted, now the *Richard* across the bows of the *Serapis*, now the *Serapis* across those of the *Richard*, while broadside after broadside tore through hull and rigging. Those on shore saw only a cloud of smoke in the moonlight, rent and torn by darts of flame and shaken by the roar of half a hundred cannon.

Now the ships got caught together, and the Americans tried to board the *Serapis*. They were driven back, and Captain Pearson shouted to Jones, "Has your ship struck?"



A FIGHT BETWEEN BATTLE-SHIPS

"I have not yet begun to fight!" came back the dauntless answer.

Again the two ships broke apart, and again the cannon bellowed.

But Jones saw this would never do. The *Serapis* could outsail him, and by keeping always in the better position, could smash him into kindling wood. So he ran the *Richard* square alongside the enemy, and with his own hands helped to tie the two ships fast together. Then an anchor on the *Serapis* caught in the side of the *Richard*, and like fiery monsters the two ships fought, fast locked in each other's arms.

Again they opened fire with terrible effect. So close were they that the guns touched muzzles. To load, the gunners thrust their ramrods into the port-holes of the other ship. The men at the different cannon had fierce races to see who could load the quicker, and woe to the side that lost! The next minute they were blown to pieces.

Now the heavy eighteen pounders on the *Serapis* did frightful havoc. They crashed their shots into the *Richard's* rotten timbers, till the balls went clear through and dropped into the sea on the other side. They tore holes low down, the water poured in. They drove the crew to the upper deck. They silenced every battery but one.

But at that one fought Jones himself. Three cannon left, he still fought on, his face fierce and black with powder. If his ship went down, he would go down with her!

He loaded his guns with grape and canister and swept the enemy's upper deck. So fast he fired them and so hot they grew, that they bounded like mad things on the deck.

In the *Richard's* rigging swarmed the sailors with rifles and hand grenades, and soon Jones had driven the enemy all below. Thus above were the Americans victorious, while below the English rent the *Richard* at every broadside. Over the decks of either ship ran streams of blood that trickled off into the sea.

To add to Jones' desperate plight, the *Alliance* now came up, having seen the little *Scarborough* surrender to the *Pallas*; but instead of aiding the hard-pressed *Richard*, she poured her broadside into the devoted ship! It was fearful treachery, but the Americans could only groan.

Still Jones would not surrender.

It was almost ten o'clock. The smoke of battle had almost shut out the moon, and the two crews fought by the light of the cannon, and of the burning ships, for both were again and again on fire — The *Serapis* at least ten times. Again and again the battle lulled while both sides fought the flames.

And now a daring sailor on the *Richard* turned the tide of battle. Crawling out on a yard with a pail of hand-grenades, he climbed into the rigging of the *Serapis* and began to drop the bombs among the English crew. One of them fell through the hatchway to the lower deck and, hitting a train of cartridges laid ready there, caused a terrific explosion. Arms and legs went skyward in a spout of yellow fire; charred bodies fell back on the deck. Sixty men were killed or wounded and many guns disabled.

With redoubled energy Jones worked his three light cannon.

It was quite ten now, and the *Bonhomme Richard* was filling with water; the head gunner, wounded and terrified, thought she was sinking. Back on the deck he rushed to haul down the flag, but found it shot away. "Quarter," he began to shout, "for God's sake, quarter! Our ship is sinking!"

Jones heard him and whirled around with blazing eyes. The smoking pistol he himself had just shot off, he hurled straight at the head of the coward gunner and tumbled him down the hatchway.

"Do you call for quarter?" yelled Captain Pearson through the smoke and uproar.

"No," thundered Jones, with an oath. Then at the head

of his men, he drove back the boarders from the *Serapis* the instant they touched the rail.

Now the master-of-arms of the *Richard*, hearing the cry that the ship was sinking, let loose from the hold over a hundred English prisoners.

"The situation of Jones, at this moment, was indeed hopeless beyond anything that is recorded in the annals of naval warfare. In a sinking ship with a battery silenced everywhere except where he himself fought, more than a hundred prisoners at large in his ship, his consort, the *Alliance*, sailing around and raking him deliberately, his superior officers counselling surrender, whilst the inferior ones were setting up disheartening cries of fire and sinking, and calling loudly for quarter; the chieftain still stood undismayed."

He sent the frightened prisoners to the pumps, and told them if they did not work, he would take them to the bottom with him. With his three light cannon loaded with double headed shot, he hammered away at the main mast of the *Serapis*, now wreathed in flames.

Such dogged courage, such terrible resistance was too much even for an English crew. Worn out and disheartened, terror-struck by the awful explosion caused by the active Yankee sailor who had climbed their mast,—the fire of the *Serapis* slowly slackened, and at half past ten she

surrendered. Captain Pearson himself pulled down the colors. No other man dared show his head on the shot-swept deck.

So the terrible battle ended. For three hours and a half it had lasted; on the deck of either ship one half of the crew lay dead or wounded!

As the two ships were cut apart, the main mast of the *Serapis* crashed overboard, and on both ships the flames burst up anew.

When morning broke over the waters, the awful state of the *Richard* was fully seen. She was burning and sinking, with her rudder shot away and both her sides so shattered that only a post or two were left to hold in place her bloody deck. She was a mute and terrible witness to the frightfulness of the battle and the undying courage of her captain.

All that day Jones tried to save her, but in vain. He removed the wounded in safety. But the dead he left on the ship which they had died defending. The following morning, from the deck of the captured *Serapis*, he watched their solemn burial.

Wind and sea were rising. As the waves rolled up and crashed through the *Richard's* shattered sides, the old ship reeled and staggered. Slowly her bows sank deeper and deeper, until, with a final lurch, she plunged head fore-

most down and was swallowed in the water. There was a whirling hole in the sea for a moment. Then the waves leaped up to fill it, and nothing was visible save the eternal ocean, ceaselessly tossing, tossing.

DEATH OF PAUL JONES.

With his victory over the *Serapis*, Jones' active fighting for America ended. Later in the year he escaped in the *Alliance* from the Dutch harbor of Texel, where a whole British squadron was blockading him, and dodged safely through the English Channel, with his flag defiantly streaming under the very nose of England.

The next year found him in Paris, trying in vain to get a ship. But honor he found in plenty. Every one hailed him as a hero. The women made him their social lion. The French king gave him a jewelled sword and the cross of military merit.

Captain Pearson of the *Serapis* was also honored by the English king for his brave defence: he was made a knight. "If ever I catch him at sea again, I'll make a lord of him," said Jones when he heard the news.

Paul Jones was at length ordered back to America. That he ever reached again the United States was almost a miracle. During two days and three nights his ship rode

out a terrific gale just off the rocks of France, with every mast blown by the board, and his ship held only by a single anchor from dashing on to destruction. The ship returned to port for repairs, and at length brought Jones safely back to America.

Peace was declared before Jones could see any further fighting. He found himself, as in France, everywhere hailed a hero; and by Congress he was voted a gold medal for his services. But his restless nature would not let him enjoy in peace the honors he had won. Soon he was back again in Europe, in the employ of the Russian navy.

It was winter when he set out for St. Petersburg, and the Gulf of Bothnia was so full of ice that he could not cross. Jones, however, was too impatient to wait for spring. Hiring an open boat, no more than thirty feet in length, he started out to sail around the ice to the southward, over the stormy, open Baltic.

No boatmen would have knowingly gone with him, so he kept his desperate plan a secret until they were well out at sea. Then, drawing his pistols, he told the men to steer for St. Petersburg.

They looked at him, then at the wintry sea, then back at the pistols — and obeyed!

To the amazement of everyone, Jones reached port in

safety. He fought bravely in the Russian service for a time, then quarreled with his employers and drifted away to Paris. His last act was in behalf of America—an effort to exchange the American prisoners in Algiers, then the stronghold of the Mediterranean pirates. He did not live to see his object gained.

On the evening of July 18, 1792, he made his will—a will where he described himself simply as “John Paul Jones, a citizen of the United States”—and bade his friends goodnight. His doctor, coming soon after, found him dead upon the bed.

More than a hundred years have passed since then, but his fame is still undimmed.

As we look back upon him now, we do not call to mind his faults, though he may have been vain and often selfish, as we are told. We see neither the look of thoughtfulness so usual on his face, nor the small, though active figure. We do not even remember the land where he was born.

We see only a smoke-blackened, dauntless chieftain, amid crashing hulls and falling rigging, working his three lone cannon to the death. We see only the “Conquer or Die!” in those flashing eyes and tight-locked mouth. We know him for the first great hero of the American navy, *John Paul Jones*.

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